

Address of the Carrier OF THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

Old Forty-nine is dying,
And the chill Winter's breeze
Is heard mournfully sighing
'Mid the tall forest trees,
The fair groves late exulting
In their loveliest green,
Stand now gloomy and mournful
As they witness the scene.

The sweet songsters which lately
We all heard with delight,
From the frowns of rude winter
Have now taken their flight.—
Yes, the old year departing
For ever is gone,
And hale Fifty comes hastening
Full rapidly on.

Once again my kind Patrons
I before you appear,
And most heartily wish you
A long, happy New Year!
As we look back on the past,
It becomes us to raise
From our hearts, truly grateful,
A sweet anthem of praise.

For our nation is happy,
And prosperous, and free,
And "the Star Spangled Banner"
Floats on every sea;
And while many are writhing
Beneath tyranny's sway,
We enjoy the refulgence
Of sweet Freedom's bright day.

We dare follow our conscience,
And we dread not a crown,
We fear not a proud Pontiff—
We can laugh at his frown;
And while others are groping
In deep darkness their way,
Education beams on us
With her heavenly ray.

Grim pestilence no longer
Is now stalking abroad,
But health and abundance
Speak the goodness of God;
Peace, so lovely and gentle,
Sweetly smiles on our land,
Horrid War has ceased frowning,
And obeys her command.

In our own native village
(To our hearts ever dear)
There's but little to sadden,
And abundance to cheer:

MONTHS.	SUNDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	SUN RISES.
JANUARY,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	22
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	18
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	12
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	6
	27	28	29	30	31			
FEBRUARY,						1	2	59
		3	4	5	6	7	8	51
		10	11	12	13	14	15	42
		17	18	19	20	21	22	33
		24	25	26	27	28		
MARCH,						1	2	24
		3	4	5	6	7	8	15
		10	11	12	13	14	15	6
		17	18	19	20	21	22	56
		24	25	26	27	28	29	47
		31						
APRIL,		1	2	3	4	5	6	38
		7	8	9	10	11	12	29
		14	15	16	17	18	19	21
		21	22	23	24	25	26	12
		28	29	30				
MAY,			1	2	3	4	5	4
		5	6	7	8	9	10	57
		12	13	14	15	16	17	51
		19	20	21	22	23	24	45
		26	27	28	29	30	31	
JUNE,						1	2	40
		2	3	4	5	6	7	37
		9	10	11	12	13	14	35
		16	17	18	19	20	21	35
		23	24	25	26	27	28	36
		30						
JULY,			1	2	3	4	5	38
		7	8	9	10	11	12	41
		14	15	16	17	18	19	46
		21	22	23	24	25	26	52
		28	29	30	31			
AUGUST,				1	2	3	4	59
		4	5	6	7	8	9	56
		11	12	13	14	15	16	54
		18	19	20	21	22	23	52
		25	26	27	28	29	30	51
SEPTEMBER,			1	2	3	4	5	40
		8	9	10	11	12	13	49
		15	16	17	18	19	20	58
		22	23	24	25	26	27	67
		29	30					
OCTOBER,				1	2	3	4	56
		6	7	8	9	10	11	55
		13	14	15	16	17	18	54
		20	21	22	23	24	25	53
		27	28	29	30	31		
NOVEMBER,					1	2	3	52
		3	4	5	6	7	8	59
		10	11	12	13	14	15	67
		17	18	19	20	21	22	76
		24	25	26	27	28	29	85
DECEMBER,			1	2	3	4	5	94
		8	9	10	11	12	13	103
		15	16	17	18	19	20	112
		22	23	24	25	26	27	121
		29	30	31				

How lovely our scenery,
How fair to behold!
How eloquent its language!
Edt better than told.

Our own sweet Susquehanna
Glides along in our view,
As it mirrors our hill-tops
In its bosom of blue;
Fair Scientia's temple
We behold with delight,
In its beauty appearing
'Mid the grove on yon height.

Our ears often are greeted
By the "church going bell"
As aloud it re-echoes
Over mountain and dell.
We can see sweetly blending,
Works of Nature and Art,
And what aid to each other
They so kindly impart.

But, with patience yet hear me for a
moment or two;
Let me ask a few favors and I then will
be through.

Still welcome The Guardian when each
month to your homes
To instruct and admonish in kindness it
comes.
And remember the PRINTER, I would
earnestly say

As he labors to give you the news of the
day.

Forget not the Printer Boy as thro' rain
and through snow

To carry the paper he weekly must go.

And while winter's without, with his loud
bustling din,

By your fires calmly seated, all quiet
within,

You can muse, or converse, or read what
I bring,

Till stern Winter gives way to the lovelier
Spring.

Fare-ye-well, now, my Patrons!

I express not a fear—

But, I hope you a joyful,

A happy NEW YEAR—

Having plenty, and pleasure,

And all that you need,

Above all the Great Treasure

Which makes wealthy indeed.

Jan. 1, 1850.